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FAME'S TRIBUTE TO CHILDREN

FAME'S TRIBUTE TO CHILDREN

BEING A COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPH SENTIMENTS CONTRIBUTED BY FAMOUS MEN AND WOMEN FOR THIS VOLUME. DONE IN FAC-SIMILE AND PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHILDREN'S HOME, OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

CHICAGO
1893

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B

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
THE BEQUEST OF
THEODORE JEWETT EASTMAN
1931

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The second edition of Fame's Tribute to Children has been published under the direction of Mrs. Geo. L. Dunlap, Chairman of the Children's Building Committee, of the Board of Lady Managers, and the proceeds of its sale will be used for a Memorial Fund.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

IN presenting this volume to the public, a few words as to its origin may not be without interest. When it was decided to erect a Children's Building upon the Exposition grounds, the Board of Lady Managers called for assistance in raising the necessary funds to carry out their project. Among the many ways and means to this end, the idea presented itself that a volume might be compiled of sentiments dedicated to little children by famous men and women, and that an additional interest might be given it by printing these sentiments in *fac-simile*. Acting upon this idea, a circular containing the following paragraph was printed with the sanction and official recognition of Mrs. Palmer, president of the Board of Lady Managers:

"We appeal to the laurel-crowned of all countries, whose subjects will be partakers of the benefits to be derived from the success of this undertaking, to

aid us by contributing to our volume, a verse—even a line; a sketch (be it ever so small),—a dash of the pencil or brush; some thoughts in music, if only a few chords."

This circular, accompanied by one descriptive of the Children's Building, was sent to those whose contributions were desired. The generous response which it received has made this volume possible. We acknowledge with pleasure the debt we owe the many friends who have used their influence to ensure our success, as well as the famous men and women whose sentiments, wherever written, must always command the respect and admiration of all readers. Thanks are especially due the Contessa di Brazza of Italy, Marie Anne de Bovet of France, Prof. and Mrs. Dyer of England and also Mr. Chas. F. Harmon of Chicago, who has generously purchased the original manuscript.

MARTHA S. HILL.

CHICAGO, April 13, 1893.

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EXECUTIVE MANSION
WASHINGTON.

I feel like kneeling to children as the future sovereigns of this Country. God bless them every one, and keep them, as the Lord they are to live, pure and true; fill their little hearts with sunshine and their mature lives with grace and usefulness.

Benj Harrison

Supreme Court of the United States.
Chief Justice's Chambers.

"The child was perfectly quiet now, but not asleep – only soothed by sweet proximity and warmth into that wide gazing calm which makes us older human beings, with our inward turmoil, feel a certain awe in the presence of a little child, such as we feel before some quiet majesty or beauty in earth or sky – before a steady glowing planet, or a full-flowered eglantine, or the bending trees over a silent pathway"

Melville W. Fuller,

Nov. 4, 1892 –

Supreme Court of the United States,
Washington, D.C.

Wordsworth - The Excursion. Book iv.

"I have seen
"A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
"Of inland ground, applying to his ear
"The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
"To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
"Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
"Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
"Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
"Mysterious union with its native sea."

David Brewer,
Associate Justice of the
Supreme Court of the
United States.
November 2, 1892.

Supreme Court of the United States,
Washington, D.C.

Nov 2. 1892

The utter helplessness
of a little child is, to
every heart, Nature's
unanswerable plea
for love and care

David J Brewer
Associate Justice of
the Supreme Court
of the United States

Supreme Court of the United States,
Washington, D.C.

Longfellow To a child

"O child! O new born denizen"
"Of life's great city! on thy head"
"The glory of the morn is shed"
"Like a celestial benison!"
"Here at the portal thou dost stand,"
"And with thy little hand"
"Thou openest the mysterious gate"
"Into the future's undiscovered land."

Henry B. Brown,
Associate Justice
Supreme Court. United States

Supreme Court of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

Douglas Jerrold
wrote a blessing in
this famous homely
form. upon any one who
adds to the happiness of
a child — 'Blessed' he
says "be the hand that
bestows a pleasure for a
child, for that is to begin
when and where it may
bloom forth."
Washington Nov. 4. 1892
Stephen Field

Supreme Court of the United States,
Washington, D.C.

"Truly, there is nothing
in the world so blessed
and sweet as the heritage
of children."

—

"If I were to choose among
all the gifts and graces
that which, on the whole,
makes life pleasantest,
I should select the
love of children."

J. Marshall Harlan

Nov 1/92

Supreme Court of the United States,
Justice's Chambers.

"Our childhood sits,
"Our simple childhood, sits upon a throne
"That hath more power than all the elements"

L. Q. C. Lamar

Supreme Court of the United States,
Washington, D.C.

This lesson, reader, let us two divide,
Never to mingle our pleasure or our pride,
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."
Wordsworth —

Hugo Black Jr

Plato Republic V. 473

I said: Until philosophers are kings or the kings & princes of this world have the spirit & power of philosophy, and political greatness & wisdom meet in one, and those common natures who pursue either to the exclusion of the other are compelled to stand aside, cities will never have rest from their evils - no, nor the human race as I believe, and then only will this our State have a possibility of life and behold the light of day.

B Jowett

Balliol College Oct 11. 1892.

"From all this you will, doubtless, conclude that Hernhut does not suit me very well, and that the Count and I do not always agree. It would be more after Violine's taste. I like the children's dream, as you tell it, best. We have been dead, and laid upon a bier; but we will, please God, live hereafter for the Children and for the Christ."

With schoolmaster mark

p 238

Joseph Henry Shorthouse

May never falter: no great deed is done
By halterers who ask for certainty.
No good is certain, but the stedfast mind,
The undivided will seek the good:
'Tis that compels the elements, and wins
A human music from the indifferent air."

George Eliot's Spanish Gypsy

M. Vincent Garrett Deering

O come across the hill-side, the April-month is here,
The lamb-time, the lark-time, the child-time of the year

* * * * * * * *

O come into the wide world, for you the Spring is here,
The swift clouds are sailing, the young Earth carols clear.
Come happy heart to wonder,
Come eager hands to plunder
The wide world's store,
The meadows golden glory,
The shining towers of story
On Dreamland's shore,
To reign there all the joy-time, the Spring-time of the year

From "An April Song."

Margaret L. Wood

October 13. 1892

Little Children.

...."Helpless creatures, who have never been asked if they wished for life on any terms, much less if they wished for it on .. hard conditions.
(From "Jess of the d'Urbervilles.")

Thomas Hardy.

Oct. 8. 1892

When he tried to figure to himself the morning twilight of childhood, so as to deal with it safely, he perceived that it was never fixed, never arrested, that ignorance, at the very instant one touched it, was already flushing faintly into knowledge, that there was nothing that at a given moment you could say a clever child didn't know. "The Pupil" Henry James

73. EATON TERRACE,
S.W.

London
October 2, 1892

Dear Miss Hill

I am delighted to be favored with a copy of your circular describing the proposed Home for Children at the World's Fair. The idea is most charming and I feel sure your association will work it into practical form. Never before, that I know of, was such a beneficent plan devised to gladden the children and make happy the mothers. Most cordially do I wish you a full success.

Very truly Yours
Justin McCarthy.

Old Johnny Grundy.

Old Johnny Grundy had a Grey Mare.
Hey! Gee! Whoa!
Her legs were thin & her hide was bare
Hey! Gee! Whoa!

And when she died she made her Will:—
"Now old Johnny Grundy has used me ill;
"Give every dog in the Town a bone,
"But to old Johnny Grundy give thou none."

The Carver came and her image made
In the Market-place where the Children played

And the Parson preached with unction rare:—
"Good people be kind to your old Grey Mare.
"And dont you beat her or use her ill
Hey! Gee! Whoa!
"Or else she'll leave you out of her Will"
Hey! Gee! Whoa!

Rudyard Kipling

The Cradle.

How steadfastly she'd watched at it.
How lovingly had dressed
With all her would-be-mother's wit
That little rosy nest!

How longingly she'd hung on it!—
It seemed times seemed, she said,
Thus low beneath its coverlet
A little sleeping head

He came at last; the tiny guest
For bleak December fled,
That rosy nest he must press?
Her coffin was his bed.

Austin Dobson

19. x. '92

Happy children!
How much is done
for you now-a-days,
but remember
that while others
are helping you,
you too must learn
to serve. It is
a lesson you

Can joyously
leave sin, but
if neglected it
may cost you
many a bitter
tear when
the glad hours

of childhood
are long passed
& gone.

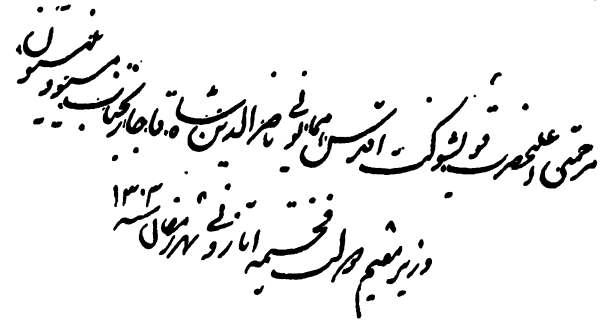
Wm J Meath

Oct 15th/92.

Our Children

We long for them before they
are given to us. We
love them when they come.
We watch over them
while they are ill.
We take any sacrifice
that their lives may be
full of joy.
If they would be happy
in after years, they should
remember all this.

J. Jefferson



Souvenir of His Majesty the Emperor of Persia Nasr ed Din Shah Kadjar to His Excellency F. Winston Minister of the High Government of the United States. Month of Ramazan 1303. (June 1886.—

"God gave her the child,
and gave her too an
instinctive knowledge of
its nature and requirements
which no other mortal being
can possess

Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter."

Your obedient servant

Richard Mansfield

Sept. 20. 1892.

My mother had a large family of children, and we all had what the Yankees call "a very good time." It would happen therefore that many mothers would come round to consult her as to her methods.

But she always said "My dear child, there

is no method— only
get along as well
as you can, every day

Throw into life the
complete unselfishness
in which she gave herself
up to her children,
and this rule will work
very well

Edward E. Hale
Roxbury. Mass
Oct. 20. '92

"Even a child is known by his doings,
whether his work be pure and whether it
be right."
Prov. xx : 11.

"Jesus said: 'Suffer the little children to come
unto me: and am not I a little child?"
(From the lips of a dying child of
nine years of age.)

John Hall D.D., LL.D.
Minister 5th Ave Presby" Church. N.Y.

December.

Verses written for a Child.

When every stocking was stuffed with dolls, and balls, and rings,
Whistles, and tops, and toys (of all conceivable things!)
Old Kriss Kringle looked round, and saw on the elm-tree bough,
High-hung, an oriole's nest, lonely and empty now.
"Just like a stocking," he laughed, "hung up there on the tree!
I dare say the birds expected a present from me!"
Then old Kriss Kringle, who knew a joke as well as the best
Dropped a handful of flakes in the oriole's empty nest.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Each age of life has its own world. That of the children is not a democracy, as people say, but an absolute monarchy. And its sovereigns are Oberon and Titania.

Edmund Clarence Stedman

New York
Columbus Day
1892

The curé answered with a warm smile, saying:

"My boy, God is a very practical God — no, you need not write it; just listen a moment. Yes; and so when he gave us natures like his, He gave men not wives only, but brethren and sisters and companions and strangers, in order that benevolence, yes, and even self-sacrifice, — mistakenly so-called, — might have no lack of direction and occupation; and then bound the whole human family together by putting every one's happiness into some other one's hands. I see you do not understand: never mind; it will come to you little by little. It was a long time coming to me. Let us go in to supper."

Yours truly

G. W. Cable

Northampton, Massachusetts

September, 1892.

"You may fool a man,—
possibly, even a woman;
but you cannot fool
a child or a dog."

"The whitest soul I
ever met in man or saint,
is black beside a
child's."

Thos Nelson Page

South Berwick.
Maine.

So the Friday Club is going to open a Childrens Home? I wish that it may entertain many a young angel unawares. It seems to me that it will be a very good chance for teaching and helping some young mothers who come from lonely places and who have not been able to learn the newest ways of caring for little children and making them happy. Could not some good advice be printed in a brief and simple way after the fashion of Day Nursery rules and given to those who come for the pleased and replete babies at night? I am not sure that the babies aren't going to have the best of it at the Great Entertainment!

Sarah Orne Jewett

A Child's Logic

(A true incident)

Two eyes of a purple pansy's hue,
Two eyes met mine in calm survey: –
"My child, I like your eyes so true!"
I heard the little maiden say,
"If you like my eyes, you like me, too!"

Edith M. Thomas

Divine is Infancy —
That crystal cup a-brim with potency.

Julian Hawthorne.

For the Children's Home Album.
Chicago.

Il vero progresso è possibile a guisa della condizione: che la nuova generazione, che viene via, valga più della nostra, in rapporto all'intelletto e al cuore. Bisogna che gli educatori abbiano sempre presente questa verità."

Roma 23 Ottobre 1892

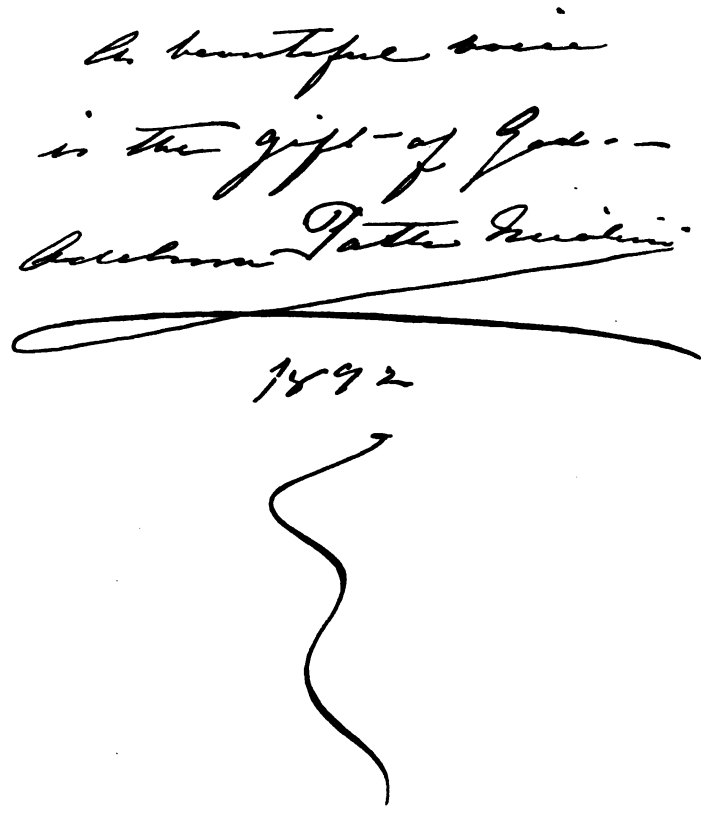
Pietro Blaserna

Come dobbiamo trattare i fanciulli

..... Et offerebant illi parvulos, ut tangeret eos. Discipuli autem comminabantur offerentibus. Quos cum videret Jesus, indigne tulit, et ait illis: Sinite parvulos venire ad me, et ne prohibueritis eos..... Et complexans eos, et imponens manus super illos, benedicebat eos.....

Evangelium Marci X. 13–16.

Giovanni Schiaparelli.


1892

A child's candor, simplicity and faith moved, in a man, indicate greatness.

The door-yard gate is the dead-line of boyhood for "where there's drink there's danger" and the legalized dram shop dominates the street. Be it our part, as women, to explore "the regions beyond" and to play the part of St George against the dragon to every enemy of childhood outside the door-yard gate.

Then shall society and government and the great world be but a larger home for little feet.

Frances E. Willard

Rest Cottage, Evanston, Ill.
August, 1892.

God's little ones are to become
the great of the earth. May all
who have the training of these
tender plants of the Kingdom, teach
them to cling to the Saviour and His
dear Cross as the ivy clings to the
strong oak.

Maud D. Booth

Les enfants sont à mes yeux ce qui existe de plus sacré. Je trouve qu'on ne les aime pas assez, ou plutôt qu'on les aime mal, qu'on les regarde trop comme des jouets vivants. Je trouve qu'on les brutalise trop, qu'on les gâte trop aussi ; qu'on ne ménage pas assez leur délicatesse nerveuse ; qu'on ne se préoccupe pas suffisamment de leur former le jugement. Je déplore que par étourderie et inconscience, les parents les mieux intentionnés développent dans leurs enfants les pires sentiments, allant même jusqu'à leur suggérer les mauvais instincts qui leur manquent. On ne fera jamais assez pour l'enfance, et j'appelle de tous mes vœux le temps où elle sera mieux comprise et mieux protégée.

Saint-Saëns

13 octobre 1892

Two Valleys.

I.

Yes, 'tis a glorious sight
The valley, that mountain height!

II.

The river's plunge and roar
Echoes the ocean shore

III.

Whatever in waves unborn
Breaks the gigantic storm.

IV.

The wooded summit doth climb
To a thought intense, sublime.

V.

No story of all I feel, —
But my heart, my heart will bleed

VI.

To back to the least of valleys
Where a slow brook curves and dallies, —

VII.

Where a boy, in the twilight gleam
Walks alone with his dream.

J. W. Riley.

With Trumpet and Drum.

With big tin trumpet and little red drum,
Marching like soldiers the children come;
It's this way and that way they circle and file —
My! but that music of theirs is fine!
This way and that way, and after a while
They march straight into this heart of mine!
A sturdy old heart, but it has to succumb
To the blare of that trumpet and beat of that drum!

Come on, little people, from east and from hall —
This heart it hath welcome and room for you all!
It will sing you its songs and warm you with love,
As your dear little arms with my arms intertwine;
It will rock you away to the dreamland above —
Oh, a jolly old heart is this old heart of mine,
And jollier still is it bound to become
When you blow that big trumpet and beat that red drum!

So come; though I see not his dear little face

And hear not his voice in this jubilant place,

I know he were happy to bid me enshrine

His memory deep in my heart with your play —

Ah me! but a love that is sweeter than mine

Holdeth my boy in its keeping today!

And my heart it is lonely - O, little folk, come,

March in and make merry with trumpet and drum!

— Eugene Field.

Chicago, Sept. 13. 1897.

The Boys

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out without making a noise.
Hang the Almanacs cheat and the Catalogues spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty tonight!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy, my young jackanapes; — show him the door!
Gray temples at twenty? — yes, white, if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close, — you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We're a team, we young fellows, you may have been told
Of Tattling (in public) as if we were old: —
That boy we call "Doctor" and this we call "Judge"
It's a nick-name, — of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the Speaker, — the one on the right;
"Mr Mayor," my young one, how are you tonight?
That's our "Member of Congress" we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend" — What's his name? — don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was true!
So they chose him right in: a good joke it was too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in Syllabled fire
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,
But - he shouted a song for the brave and the free, -
Just read on his medal "My Country of thee"!

You hear that boy laughing? - You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh too at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys, always playing with tongue or with pen,
And I sometimes have asked, - Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful and laughing and gay
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray, -
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, The Boys.

1859

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

November 18th 1892

"Doctor". Francis Thomas. M. D.

"Judge". George Tyler Bigelow, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.
"The Speaker" Francis Boardman Crowninshield, Speaker of the
"Mr Mayor" George W. Richardson, Mayor of Worcester. (Mass. House of Representatives
"Member of Congress" George Thomas Davis. - Isaac Edward Morse
"The Reverend" James Freeman Clarke and others
The "Boy with the grave mathematical look" Professor Benjamin Peirce, L. L. D. U. S. etc etc.
The "Boy with a three-decker brain" Benjamin Robbins Curtis, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.
"The nice youngster of excellent pith" Samuel Francis Smith, Author of "My Country 'tis of thee."
The "boy laughing" - previously exposed to

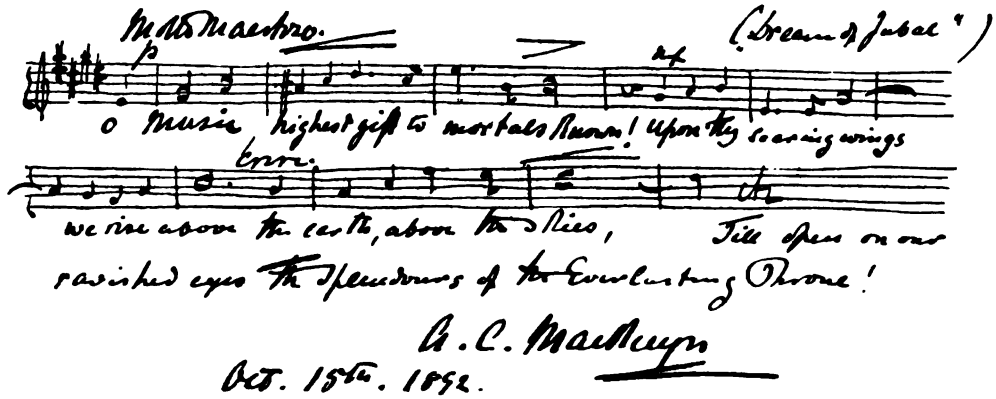
To Young Parents.

Rule your children gently while you may, that you may be gently ruled by them when you must.

Frederick Bullock

Man works hard over his government and his sciences and arts and in these tasks brings deep marks to his forhead but his youth and smile return when he sees happy children crossing a field of grass and flowers.

David Swing


Mr. Maestro.
("Dream of Jubal")
p
ff
O Music, highest gift to mortals known! Upon thy soaring wings
cresc.
we rise above the earth, above the skies, Till open on our
ravished eyes the splendours of the Everlasting Throne!
A. C. MacKenzie
Oct. 15th. 1892.

14 November. 1892

They did not settle the matter that night, but soon separated for sleep. As Jury disappeared up the ladder to his roomy and airy bed-loft he called back to his father:

"Dad, I'm goin' to own a mort=gidge afore I die; mind what I say."

"Hope ye will Jury. Yew'll hev a holt of the right end of the poker then; an' the other feller he'll hev a holt of the hot part, same as we've got naow."

"Yew bet! An' it'll sizzle his hands, tew, afore I'll ever let up on him!"

Joseph Kirkland.

I have tended six pretty cradles,
With the loveliest Babes within,
All heart flames of holy rapture
In a world of grief and sin.
Six babes may make six angels.
Oh! grant it, God of grace,
That, lifted on their loving wings,
I too may see thy face.

Julia Ward Howe.

The Peony—

A sturdy Maid:
Plump hands upon her hips;
White throat flung back,
And laughing, scarlet lips;
Full bodice, laced,
And Kerchief well tucked in;
Smile for each lad—
(A kiss, perhaps, no sin!)
Plain speech—or rough—
No empty flattery—
But wholesome heart—
That is the Peony!

by Margaret Deland—

A Modest Request.

2

The "White City" that lies by the great inland sea,
Soon found to avail, was so christened by me:
And if the Chicago folks take to the name,
I want one small niche in their Temple of Fame.

H. C. Bunner

New York.
Puck Office,
Oct. 17/92.

The Wonder-Child.

'Our little babe', each said, 'shall be
Like unto thee' – 'like unto <u>thee</u>!'
'Her mother's' – 'nay, his father's' – 'eyes',
'Dear curls like thine' – but each replies,
'As thine, all thine, a thought of me.'

What sweet solemnity to see
The little life upon thy knee,
And whisper all so soft it lies, –
'Our little babe!'

For, whether it be he or she,
A David or a Dorothy,
'As mother fair', or 'father wise',
Both when it's 'good', & when it cries,
One thing is certain, – it will be
<u>Our</u> little babe.

Richard Le Gallienne.

As Little Children.

Loving and simple and sweet and dear;
Such are the guests we would summon here —
Such as the Saviour long since led
Where sin-stained souls were gathered, and said —
"If you long for the grace of the undefiled,
You must become as this little child.

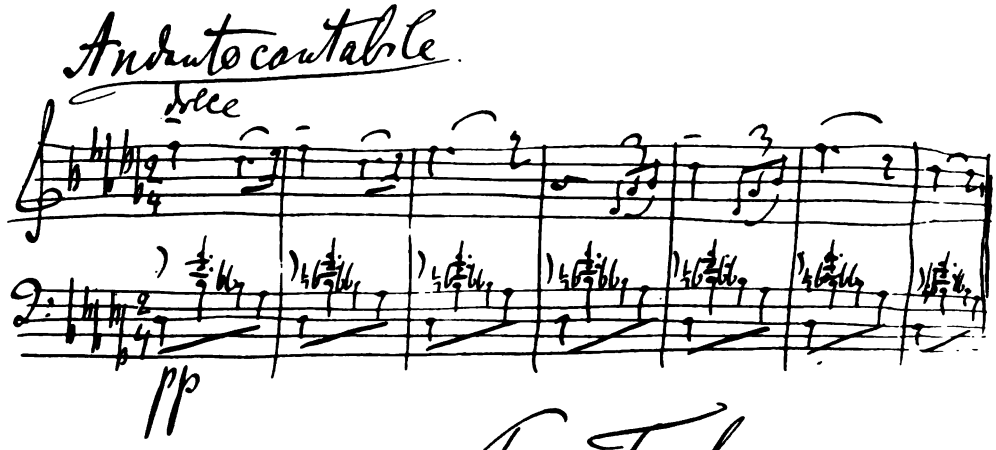
Louise Chandler Moulton.

November — 1892.

"The baby's arms were very soft and plump, and her cheek and tangled hair were warm and moist with perspiration, and the breath that fell on Reggie's face was sweeter than anything he had ever known"

Sincerely Yours

Richard Harding Davis.



P. Tschaikowsky

12/27 Oct. 1892 Klin.

From Toilers & Spinsters. by Anne Thackeray Ritchie

Boarded out children

Lizzie was a dark faced half wistful half tamed little creature with a sullen look & then a bright one,

The story of many a dreary tramp was written in her face the hardships and troubles of other lives than her own

Do you see any change in her I asked since she came to you? -

Why she have all watched wh' her said the old woman She do seem now o' mornings a she do begin to curl her hair

So we understands her
name is Dobbs not
Stubbs They told us
Slubbs at th' Union
'Tis a Kindness she
prattled on to take
children from th'
Union & Earn them
If Elizabeth speaks
Sarce I say (shakes
of head & other
reassurings Signals
to us) Lizzie I
Shall take ye back
Elizabeth grinned, not
looking much alarmed &
showed all her white teeth.

"Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed:
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip, and spite,
And slander die."

Mary Theresa de Navarro

London Oct. 1892.

P.T.O

It is a wonderful thing to be a child born into a world to which the boundless unfathomable love of God has been revealed; and every child so born has a right to the revelation. We, who are their grown up caretakers are responsible that they receive it, and we ought to be telling them of it, over and over, throughout every day and every hour of their young lives Not that we are to be always preaching it, but we must be always living it in their presence, by a life of unfailing and unselfish love and tenderness Acts speak to a child's mind far more powerfully than words; and they will judge of the God and Father, about whom we preach to them, by what they see in us. Let us see to it that we always and everywhere reveal Him as the God of love.

44 Grosvenor Road
Westminster, London
England

Hannah Whitall Smith
(Author of the Christian's Secret of a Happy Life. &c. &c.)

Rosey & Josey

Rosey knelt near my shoulder, but the crowded activity enough not to warm that had been set for me at the table, though not before the Josey's more fortunate predecessor already seated in his. It was plain that the child considered him under my charge & conducive. When my wife came in & broke it with much praise for him, & our trouble bread to feed the birds. Then with attending this progress comfort did she neglect his manners.
"What does Josey say," inquired she, "to the lady who's given him cake?"
Josey stood at her in shocked surprise, could she not see that he was certainly? — visibly busy in the only occupation in which (as she surely must be aware) he took all pleasure? Nay, even in pursuit of any satisfaction? Nay, even upon the lowest ground, who could be expected to apply to abstract questions, who has his mouth filled with cake?
"Now what does Josey say when his cake & has had his cake?" repeated the better one more passionately from before.
"Moa" (more), all they say with their mouths full, "Moa" (more) please, more please what a greedy child!" Did you ever hear such a horrible "Ta"? Look she, "to say 'Moa' instead of 'Ta'? Why is human nature so unbottom.

Jane Barlow

If the child is Father,
or Mother, of the man, the
Children ought to have a Home
in the Columbian Fair, so that
they will know how to treat
their grand-parents in the
great World's Fair which it
will be their privilege to
organize.

Nov 7. 1892. Chas. Dudley Warner

The young generation! Oh, turn in the cloud
Of our souls down the ages; to bless for its sweat
That souls we have, with our senses filled,
Our shuttles at thread of the west.
May it be braver than ours
To encounter the rattle of hostile bolts,
To look on the rising of Stranger Powers.
May it know how its mind in expansion revolts
From a nursery Past with dead letters atop
(from "The Empty Purse") etc

Geo. W. Moore
November 1st. 1892

The remaining
of the notices of the catalogue
forms, & the ~~sheets~~ the work
which the Engravers want of
all kinds - the stamps with the
date not yet ~~sent~~ sent, the coming
Elections will be shortly
sufficiently performed?

Fred Taylor

In the nursery

'Where do you go, Bob, when you're fast asleep?'
'Where? Oh all once I went in a deep
mine, father told of, and a cross man said
He'd make me help to dig, a fat black head.
– I saw the Queen once, in her room, quite near.
She said "you rude boy Bob, how came you here?";
"Was it like mother's boudoir?"
Grander far
Gold chairs and things – all over diamonds – Oh!
"You're sure it was the Queen?"
"Of course, a crown
Was on her, and a shaggy purple gown"
"I went to heaven last night,
O Lily, pic,
How could you?"
"Yes I did, they told me to,
And my best doll my favorite, with the blue
Frock, jasmine, I took her to heaven too"

'What was it like?'

'I kind of — I can't tell
A sort of orchard place, in a long dell,
With trees all over flowers. And there were birds
Who come do talking, by soft fretting words;
They let me stroke them & I showed it — all
To passions. And I heard a blue dove call
"Child this is heaven" I was not frightened when
It spoke, I said "Where are the angels then?'

'Well?'

'It said "Look up & you shall see"
There were two angels sitting in the tree,
As tall as mother; they had long gold hair
They let drop down the fruit they gathered there
And little angels came for it — so sweet —
Here they were beggar children in the street
And the dove said they had the prettiest things
And wore their best frocks every day.'

'And wings?
Had they no wings?'

'Yes & lined with white
Like swallow wings, so soft, so very light —
Fluttering about.'

'Well?' 'Well I said not — I am
"So that was all" — 'They made you go away?'

'I did not go— but— I was gone'

'I know

But it's a pity Bob we never go

together: 'yes I have no dreams to tell

But the next day both know we all quite well'

'And Bob if I could dream you come with me

You would be there perhaps—'

Perhaps— will see

Joan Tufnell.

PART II.

FAME'S TRIBUTE TO CHILDREN

PART II.

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"Tis well good Christian should
know my wickedness"

Yours truly

Lakewood N. J. Dec 6th 1892

"Some say that Ravens foster forlorn
Children"

Frances J Cleveland

Lakewood. N.J. Dec. 6. 1892.

Earth holds no music half
so sweet- as the laughter of a
happy Child

Bertha Honoré Palmer

"The hope of the world is in the Children. Let them be first pure then peaceable and full of mercy"

T W Palmer

Now I began this sermon
with no idea of writing any thing, and behold!,
I stand on the verge of a sermon. Such is the
forcefulness of habit, and you must excuse an old
man when you consider that I have been at this
sermonizing for 54. years. It is hard to get out of old habits.

I don't know what you idea
of a "sweet little note" is, but you may by track
a drop of sweetness from this sermon, and why?
Because it tells of "our Father" - the first words we
learn, the last we fully understand. And yet it
is the charm and sweetness of all life. "The will of
the Father is the weal of the Universe" - a thought much
larger than "The Exposition"? Faithfully Yours

Richard D. Hillman

Fairhaven Mass
Nov 26. 1892

"a little child shall lead them". Surely the Christ child has visited Chicago hearts & homes. who else could lead so many to devise such plans for the comfort of those whom the dear Lord calls His little ones? We know that He is in His divine heart every deed of love to His lambs whose angels do always

behold the face of the Father.
I am glad. and send
you a God speed & blessing
This work will bring sun
shine to many weary hearts
and tell strangers from away
land that the chefest
glory of America. can have
a place for children

Yours Faithfully
H. B. Archbishop
Bishop of Illinois &c

To a grand-daughter
on a Book of "Child-Songs"

Bishop's House,
Albany.

Love child songs, with pleasant rhyme
And sweetest songs, to mark the time,
For the little feet, that climb
Up the hill to long a steep,
Leading to the mysteries deep,
Where the sacred volumes keep.

Low the ladder's first round: bright,
The tall top against the sky;
Baby'll climb there by and by;
And, climbing, come at last to know,
How the distance seems to grow
Farther, as we higher go.

Here we only spell, at best,
Little words, with keenest zest,
Wondering at all the rest:
Some day, when our study's done,
Standing by the Master's throne,
We shall know, as we are known—

J. McCockwell Drane

Diocesan House,
29 Lafayette Place,
New York.

No one who has ever seen them
will forget the wonderful appeal
of the Eyes of the Divine Child in
the Madonna di San Sisto
in the Dresden Gallery -
It has been suggested that
to Rafael it was given thus
to disclose the Divine tender-
ness, in the face of the
Infant Christ

Henry Potter

Middletown Conn.
Dec. 5. 1892

My dear Mr Locke

On the opposite page you will find a scrap which I hope will meet your wishes. I could not hope to find any thing worth while of my own and so I send you something written by another which tells its own sweet story.

With kind regards to Dr Locke, I am

Sincerely yours,
J Williams.

Mr Locke

When every child that
is born is welcome,
then heaven will begin
on Earth

Isabel Somerset.

1892:

CASTLE HILL.
COBHAM.
ALBEMARLE CO.,
VIRGINIA.

7th of December. 1892

Sonnets to Children.

I

Happy those men and women who can say:—
"Our child-selves still our Guardian angels are.
"That clear ideal like some morning star,
"Still radiant though invisible by day:
"Our Spirit-eyes discern, and all the way
"Is blest by memories shining from afar;
"Deep, childish aspirations that no jar
"Of worldly-hopes can ever wholly slay.
—"When eager for some selfish happiness,
"We grow self-lenient, talk of just desire,
"The sovereign right of individual need,—
"Ah, then it is we turn with tears & bless
"Those innocent child aims that draw us higher
"And show our race o' the world to be a creed.

Over

II

For lo! a little child shall lead us, cry
With deeper wisdom than an emperor
Were! Caesar self more Caesar than before
Death crowned him with a fame that cannot die
— With true philosophy, more clear, more high
Than ever Plato taught: — with wondrous lore
Conned from that book on which the angels pore,
Cast traced by God in stars upon the sky.
— That God is love, and more, that love is God,
To this can children lead us if we will;
This is the riddle of eternity;
Which children read as simply as a sod
Blossoms without a gardeners meddling skill.
For children are what good men long to be!

Amélie Rives

Written especially in aid of
The Children's Home, to be established
at the World's Columbian Exposition
by the Board of Lady Managers in
1893.

"A little one shall become a thousand, & a small one a strong nation"
Isaiah LX. 22.

Wm. L. VanRensselaer

From Jane Field

There were acres of low birch woods and lush meadow-lands. This morning they were covered with a gold-green dapple of leaves. To one looking across them, they almost seemed played over by little light green flames. Now and then a young birch tree stood away from the others and shone by itself like a very torch of Spring.

Mary E. Wilkins.

Columbia College

New York. Nov 28th 189[illegible]

My Three Vikings

Three little lonely Vikings
Came sailing over the Sea
From a cruel & distant country
And put into port with me

The first — how well I remember —
Sir Hjalmar was the knight,
With a lusty Norseland war-sloop
He came in the dead of night

He heeded no creature's pleasure
But left with a conqueror's right
He sang in the small hours of morning
And dined in the middle of night.

Then crowned with delight our
slept;
So well he liked his home
he summoned his prothecligie
from the realm beyond the foam.
And he is a laughing tyrant,
With dimples & golden curls
He stole a march on our heart-gates
And made us his subjects & churls.

And Bayard, the last of my Vikings,
As chivalrous as your name!
With your sturdy & quaint little figure
What havoc you wrought when you came!

There's a chieftain in you—a leader
Of men, in some glorious path
Undauntless, brave & tender
And dignified in your wrath.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

Except as little Children.

Lost labors of no poor man and woman grow,
The little children always come to me:
Ah, if we could but find them me and we
Let in them when they come into their own!

W. D. Howells.

Oh, allor che del Giordano ai freschi rivi
Traea le turbe una gentil virtù
E apriva a le città liete d'ulivi
Giovin messia del popolo Gesù, ..

Sorridean da i cilestri occhi profondi
I pargoletti al bel profeta umil
E lacrimando entro lor ricci biondi
La mano ravvolgea pura e sottil.

Giosuè Carducci

"It was really a very simple thing after all— it was only that he had lived near a kind and gentle heart, and had been taught to think kind thoughts always and to care for others. It was a very little thing perhaps but it is the best thing of all. He knew nothing of earls and castles; he was ignorant of all grand

and splendid things.
But he was always lov-
able because he was
simple and loving
I, he so was like himself
was a thing

Yours sincerely
Frances Hodgson Burnett

Pray. for the Children!
& for the mothers & nurses,
& for the kind-thoughted
ones who have made the
Beginnings & have wrought
out the scheme of the
Children's Home!

Dora. G. Mitchell

Edgewood, Nov. 1892

To the children of the present day I would say.

Train up your parents in the way they should go, and when you are parents, you will know how to go that way yourselves.

Frank R. Stockton

Nov. 17/92

Of such
is the Kingdom
of Heaven –

Gail Hamilton

2076 FIFTH AVENUE.

Marchioness. "Will sich days as those, ever com'd again"?

Il grave problema della emancipazione delle plebi potrà solo risolversi quando le plebi siano, per una provvida evoluzione, trasformate in popolo, e questo si otterà se a tutti i fanciulli, oltre al nutrimento si faccia dare buona educazione e conveniente coltura = Napoli 4 novembre 1892

Luigi Palmieri

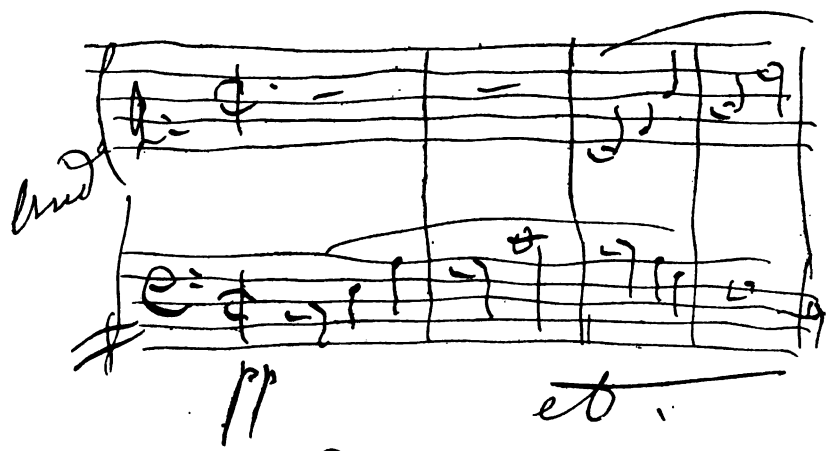
R. ACCADEMIA DI S. CECILIA

Via de' Greci, 18

LICEO MUSICALE

Roma 14 Dic 92

Dev.mo Obbl.mo Servitore



pp

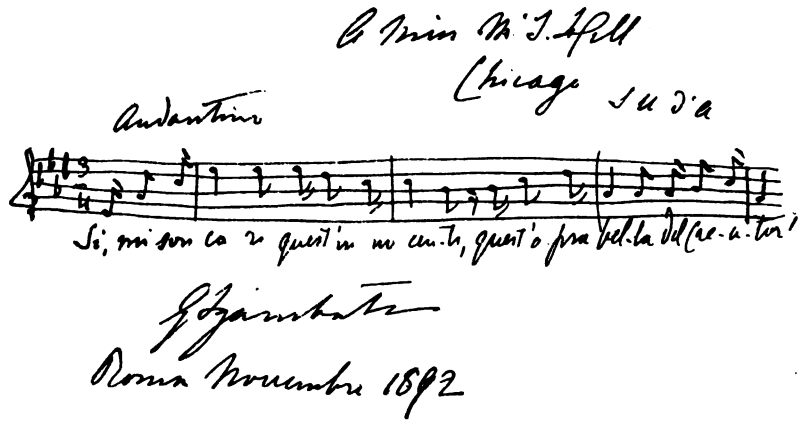
etc.

P. Marchetti

Chi cessa d'essere
bimbo prima del tempo,
e perde troppo presto
la gaiezza, l'ingenuità,
la spontaneità infantile, non avrà mai
tutte le qualità morali
sarà all'uomo.

Pasquale Villari

Firenze 2 Nov. 92


A Miss M. J. Hall
Chicago U. S. A.
Andantino
Sì, mi sono ca - ro quest'in - no can - to, quest'o - ra bel - la dol - ce - a - mor!
G. Gambati
Roma Novembre 1892

Meglio educare che istruire.
Istruire è illuminar l'intelletto.
educare è illuminar l'intelletto
e il cuore

Ruggero Bonghi

Castello di Brezzà, 19 Settembre
1892

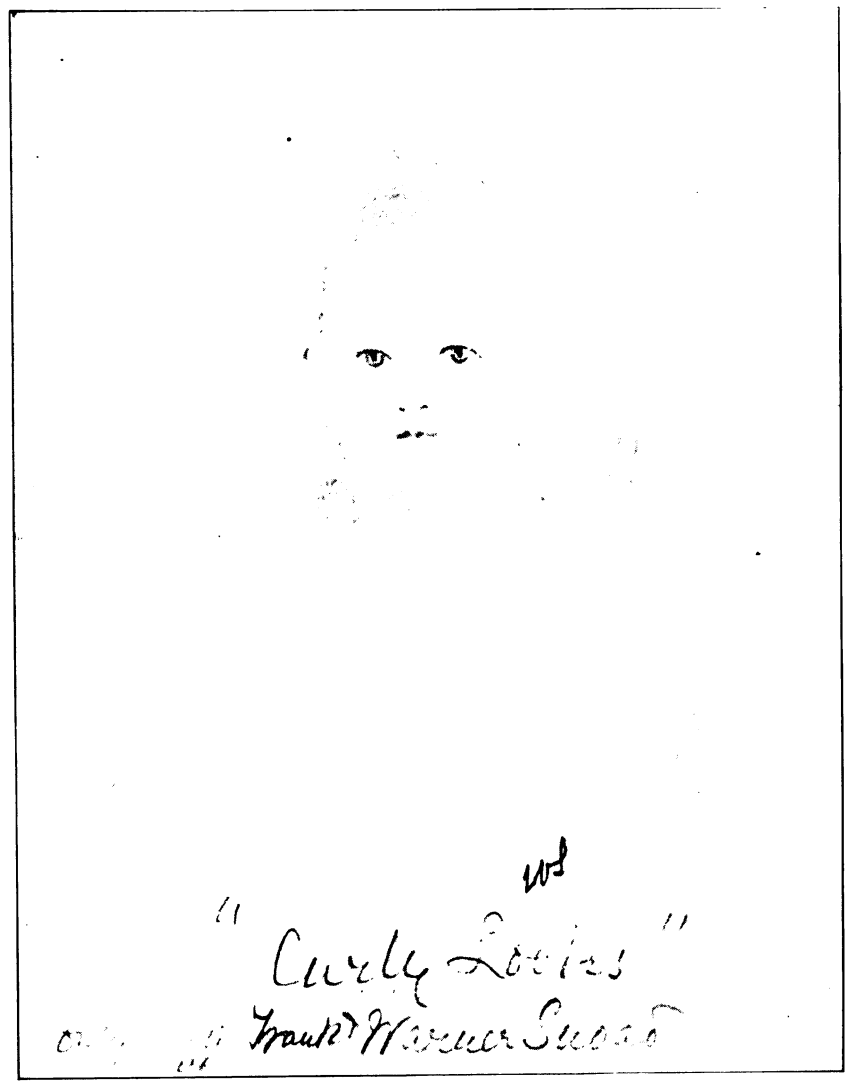
Curly Locks.

Curly locks, curly locks, what angel brought you
Down to this world in your mischievous glee?
Curly locks, curly locks, what angel thought you
Just the right gift for your father and me.
Nobody wanted you; no one invited you;
You were quite welcome to stay up above;
Yet you arrived, and then who could have slighted you
Bringing as luggage a bundle of love.

Curly locks, curly locks, tell me who taught you
That wicked glance of your roguish blue eyes?
Are you quite sure there was an angel who brought you,
You imp of mischief in baby disguise?
Why did the angels with kisses half smother
You, who now reign as my nursery queen?
See, here's a dimple, and here is another!
Each dimple shows where a kiss must have been!

Curly locks, curly locks, made up of laughter,
Merriment, nonsense, caresses, and fun,
Just a few tears that the smiles follow after,
Quickly as dew-drops are chased by the sun
Knowing yet nothing of sorrow and sadness,
Guessing at nothing of envy and strife;
Long may it be ere Time, stifling your gladness,
Brushes the bloom from your innocent life.

Warner Swad



"Curly Locks"

A Christmas Prayer

O! Lord who wast a little child like me,
Make me a holy child like thee
All my life long a simple child to be,
For Such the Father's face can see.

Frances Courtenay Baylor

October 27th/92.

If we could only keep from
interfering the morning-glory,
only be willing to wait and
let the sunshine do it!

Kate Douglas Wiggin

"HUSH-A-bye"

HUBSMITH.

Hush-a bye, dont you cry, little baby, sweet;
Tired hands, sleepy eyes, weary little feet;
Mamma sings lullaby, never have a fear;
Dont you weep, go to sleep, thats a pretty dear.
Twilight falls, the day is done,
Little birds to rest have gone;
Sleep thee too, my pretty one
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Very truly yours
Hubbard T. Smith

Washington City
October 17th. 1892.

Bois solitaire

Bois solitaire, ami de ma jeunesse,
Je te revois au déclin de mes ans.
Ton souvenir doux comme une caresse
Avait pour moi des charmes enivrants,
Mais entraîné par la fièvre mondaine
Vers ces amours dont rien ne reste au cœur,
J'ai bien souffert et combien j'ai eu la peine
De te revoir meurtri par la douleur !

Henry Godefroid

Bois solitaire
pour harpe

Paris 14 novembre 1892 — Henry Godefroid

A poem without words—
the patter of a bobee

R. G. Ingersoll

Mr. 26. 92

4100 Fifth Avenue

The surest way to keep
the man from cruelty and
from crime, is to train the
boy to love and care for
birds and beasts

Olive Thorne Miller

"Yes, yes," said Petit. Père to the cow,
with perfect sympathy; "I know how
you feel. A young one of mine is
running away from me, too."
(From "Bells of Ste. Anne.")

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

Lullaby.

Rockaby boat. Baby's afloat.
In and out on the tide.
Mother's love is a current strong
Pilgrim with life's toil laden long
Deep as the sea and as wide.
Peaceful sleep, rocked by the deep.
Infinite love is the tide.

Elizabeth R. Champney.

After Four Hundred Years.

This is the best: that he who long ago
Found a New World for wide new life to grow,
Found it not all; for every new-born child
Still lie New Worlds to find beyond the wild.
New Worlds of Knowledge, Joy, and Love, and Art,
Are waiting still for each new soul and heart.

Alice Wellington Rollins.

New York.
November, 1892.

"Let us be such as help
the life of the future."
Zenda Vesta.

S. G. W. Benjamin

Lullaby.

O Mary, Mother, if the day we trod
In cohorts sweet the lily fields of God,
From earth afar arose a cry of pain,
Should we not weep again?

(Sings) Hush, hush, O baby mine,
Mothers twain are surely Thine,
One of earth and one divine.

O Mary, Mother, if the day the air
Was sweet with songs celestial, came a prayer
From earth afar and mingled with the strain,
Would we not pray again?

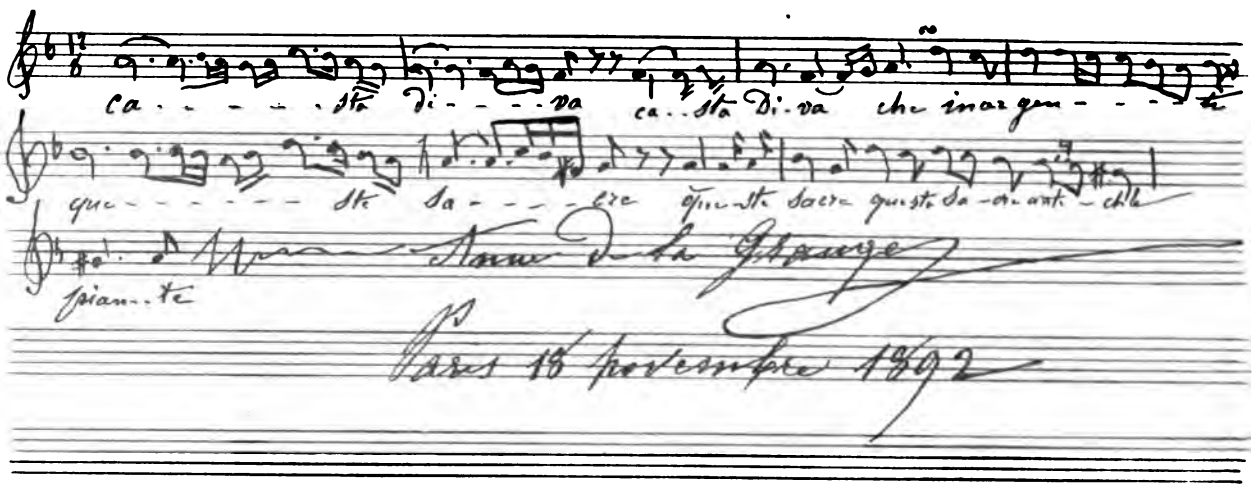
(Sings) Sleep, sleep, my baby dear,
Mothers twain are surely near,
One to pray and one to hear.

O Mary, Mother, if, as yesternight
A bird sought shelter at my casement light,
A wounded soul should flutter to Thy breast,
Would'st Thou refuse it rest?

(Sings) Sleep, darling, peacefully;
Mary, Mother, comforts me;
Christ, her Son, hath died for thee.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

Norma


ca - - - - sta di - - - va ca - sta di - va che inargen - - - te
que - - - - - - ste sa - - - cre quest sacre quest da - ar anti - che
pian - te
Paris 15 Novembre 1892

Andante
f
Allegro

"How sharper than a serpent's Tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

King Lear

Henry Irving. 1892.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

— a child's sob in the silence
curses deeper than a strong man
in his wrath" =

Ellen Terry =

Nov. 30. 92 =

Telegraph, Great Witley.
Station, Worcester.

Witley Court.
Stourport

Yours faithfully
W. H. Lascelles

14 Dec 1892

Thos Richmond Esq,
Degenhi,
Hempstead Hertfordshire

(Autograph)

A. B. James Bellows

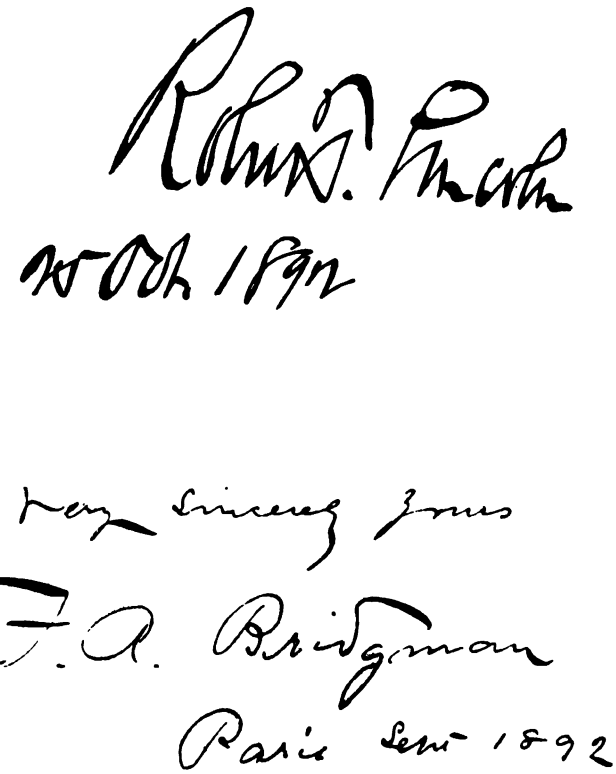
Dec. 2. 1892

Yours truly

W. W. Thomas

Bombay

Salisbury



Quand j'approche d'un enfant, j'éprouve deux sentiments : celui de la tendresse pour le présent, celui du respect pour ce qu'il peut être un jour.

L. Tolstoï

Paris ce 19 novembre 1894.

on dessine l'homme
dans l'enfant

L. Tolstoï

1892.)

Il n'y a peut-être d'autre prodige dans ce monde que celui de l'enfance et l'homme est dans cet âge comme la fleur et le fruit dans le bourgeon. Façonnez, dans ce qu'il est malléable, le cerveau de l'enfant mais aussi peut-être respectez l'âme de l'homme.

Jules Claretie

14 juin

SENAT

Paris le ... 188

Un crime d'un nouveau genre se produit. Votez une nouvelle loi pour le réprimer.

Vous en avez une, que vous n'appliquez pas. Vous en aurez deux, que vous n'appliquerez pas davantage.

J'admets cependant qu'il faut être armé par des lois préventives. Mais la Société ne sera jamais garantie que par de fortes croyances religieuses ou philosophiques.

Ceux qui détruisent la foi dans les âmes n'ont pas le droit de se plaindre des malfaiteurs.

Jules Simon

l'histoire réel transformée, depuis
Scott en Allemagne, et depuis
récemment aussi en France, et cela
pour l'étude des littératures.
(Intr. à l'histoire de la litt. anglaise)

H. Taine
17 9bre 1892

CHAMBRE
DES DÉPUTÉS

Paris, 17 novembre

Madame,

ayant eu le malheur de perdre complètement
enfants je n'ai pu toucher à votre
sujet sans un grand serrement de
cœur. Vous m'excuserez donc de ne
vous dire que j'ai vu avec
le plus grande douleur que de souvenir
à ceux qu'on aime à ceux qui
semblaient nous unir par la nature
à nous former des gens -

Veuillez agréer, je vous prie,
Madame, mes respectueux hommages

A. Méjuires

Enfance heureuse enfance si naïve et si pure.
Jeunesse si généreuse et si droite, est il
possible que le caprice des circonstances sur
lesquelles votre volonté n'a point eu de
prise, en aient perverti en vous jusqu'
les instincts de votre nature! Est il possible
que le hasard d'être né dans telle

famille, peut-être même dans telle me
plutôt que dans telle autre, nous
condamne en quelque sorte fata
lement à la misère et au crime

(L'Enfance. Gam)

E. Jaussaud

Le malheur de l'enfance
est particulièrement intéressant.
Il est poignant de penser
que beaucoup de ces chers
petits êtres qu'on voudrait
toujours les lèvres roses et
le visage épanoui ne
pleurent déjà plus tant ils
ont souffert.

Emile Ollivier.

21. Rue Fresnel
Quai de Billy. Trocadero

Paris 17 novembre 1892

Mademoiselle

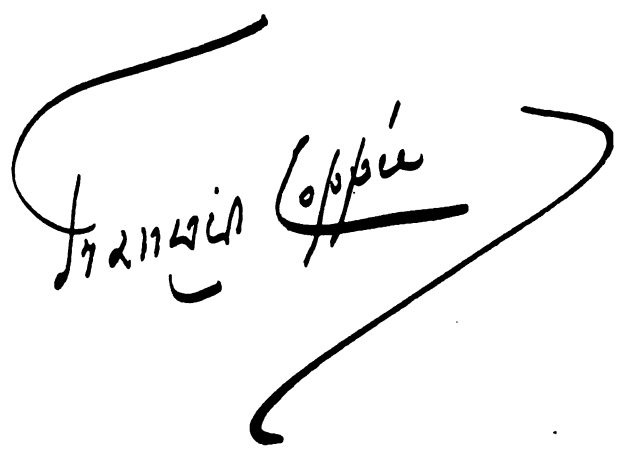
Je vous prie de vouloir
agréer ma demande et je fais
des vœux pour le développement de
Children's Palace

Recevez l'assurance de
mes sentiments très dévoués

Léon Say

Donne ! L'homme est presque divin,
Lui, n'ayant dit non à personne,
Et froid, quand le pauvre frissonne
Et défaille quand il a faim.

Donne sans avoir qu'on te rende,
Donne en oubliant qui reçoit.
Le plus noble geste qui soit
Est d'ouvrir la main toute grande.



Il est bon de ne pas faire
raisonner trop tôt l'enfant; le
premier usage qu'il fait de sa raison
est de l'employer à discuter ses devoirs.

V. Cherbuliez

Paris, 30 novembre 1892.

Comme Dieu, le Bonheur se cache à ses élus ;
Invisible et présent, ils le cherchent encore :
Aussi, longtemps que l'homme est heureux, il l'ignore
Et ne sait qu'il l'était que quand il ne l'est plus.

Edouard Pailleron

28 Novembre 1892

Devant le Théâtre des marionnettes, sur nos promenades publiques, un petit monde d'enfants est assemblé, attentif, palpitant. Ils s'attristent, se passionnent ou tremblent, en voyant les fantins de bois sangloter, disputer, batailler. Un homme d'âge, un homme posé, un puissant ministre peut-être passe, s'approche, regarde en souriant les vains fantoches et les petits qui s'y laissent prendre. Eh! bonhomme, que faites-vous de utile ? Que sommes nous de plus que ces enfants, quand nous livrons nos âmes, toutes sérieuses et émues, au jeu du politique, de l'amoureux, du glorieux, du commissaire et de la Colombine ? Nous sourions derrière ces innocents, qui s'amusent

de si peu ; et derrière nous, dans l'invisible, passent peut-être les âmes libérées des sages, qui rient de nous à leur tour, qui frémissent en grande pitié la pantomime du monde et de graves spectateurs.

M. de Vogüé

— Complet, mon cœur ! Un homme
serait tout entier .. Une femme quelqu'un.
Aimer, ce quelqu'un plus que vous !.. Un
n'en viendrait jamais à bout !..

— Oh ! que si !

— Oh ! que non !.. Aimer autrement ..
peut-être ?.. mais plus, non. Qu'il me
manque pour le bonheur, ce monsieur
que j'attends et qui n'arrive pas.

— Je crois bien, ma Betty. Il y
aura place dans votre cœur pour deux
cœurs qui vous devez aimer, pour votre
mari, pour vos enfants, et celui, vous qui
n'y pensez pas ; moi, votre vieille amie.
C'est tout petit, le cœur, et c'est très
grand.

Ludovic Halévy

L'Abbé Constantin.

Les grands faits historiques apparaissent à
travers les siècles comme les hautes montagnes de
l'horizon à l'horizon leurs aspects changent
d'heure en heure suivant la jour qui les
éclaire, et d'un point à un autre d'après la distance
qui les sépare du spectateur qui les regarde
tantôt à leur pied et tout proche, tantôt
de loin, de plus loin, mais quand on s'en éloigne on en
saisit mieux l'élévation et le profil se détache
bien nettement des faits d'hier sont presque trop
près encore pour être toujours bien appréciés, car
ils la lumière éblouit les regards et empêche de
voir le passé surtout quand il est glorieux
et enveloppé d'une brume qui en rend la
vision plus touchante mais s'explique aussi
l'impossibilité de la postérité soient parfois plus
justes que celles des contemporains

Duc de Broglie
(Préface de la Journée de
Fontenay)

Fragment d'un Discours prononcé par moi à Lyon
le 25 Juin 1867.

" ... - Si les dures nécessités de la vie obligent d'envoyer la femme et l'enfant à l'usine, que ce soit le plus tard possible. Chercher à faire de la femme une bonne ouvrière, c'est bien; mais donner à son mari des habitudes et un salaire qui la dispenserait de vivre au dehors, ce serait mieux encore. Elle est la providence intérieure; qu'elle travaille au foyer domestique; qu'elle se livre aux soins du ménage et des enfants; qu'elle prépare à celui qui peine et fatigue pour tous, un joyeux retour: voilà la tâche que Dieu lui a faite. L'enfant est l'espoir de la famille et de la patrie; mais la femme est la famille même. Soutenons leur faiblesse; ménageons leurs forces et ne laissons pas l'industrie, pour s'enrichir plus vite, lever une dîme funeste sur la santé de l'un et la moralité de l'autre. Puisse ce vœu être entendu des représentants de l'Univers industriel rassemblés en ce moment à Paris pour constater toutes les victoires de l'esprit sur la matière. S'ils reconnaissaient leurs efforts pour provoquer une convention sainte qui, égalisant les conditions du travail

entre les nations, comme on égalise entre elles les conditions du trafic, ferait limiter, entre tous pays, les efforts demandés à l'enfant et à celle qui doivent être des mères, ils ajouteraient une gloire nouvelle à notre exposition.

Puis, après que les princes et les empereurs seraient partis, avec les multitudes accourues sur leurs pas; quand les magnificences auraient cessé, à la place du colossal monument, on pourrait élever l'image d'une femme et d'un enfant tendant à l'industrie leurs mains reconnaissantes"

V. Duruy

Mon fils Samuel (3 ans et demi)
à sa mère, qui lui disait que le bon
Dieu le regardait faire le méchant :
— « Non, maman, il y a le plafond,
il peut pas me voir ! - »

Pierre Loti

Hendaye, octobre 92

après avoir embrassé et béni
les petits enfants, le Sauveur dit:
" Leurs anges voient toujours la
" face du Père (S. Matthieu
à XVIII, 10)
C'est-à-dire que les âmes
des petits enfants, ramenées
par le baptême à l'innocence
primitive, sont en communion
immédiate avec l'être et avec
la sainteté de Dieu.

Cette parole a encore un
autre sens.

Elle signifie que l'enfant
est porté par une loi inhérente
de sa nature à pratiquer la
méthode philosophique en vertu
de laquelle nous cherchons tou-
jours à nous élever de la connais-
sance des effets à la connaissance
de la cause.

De là, les questions qui

jaillissent à tout propos,
comme d'une source intarissable
des profondeurs de l'âme enfantine.
Pourquoi, au printemps, les arbres
se couvrent-ils de fleurs ? Pourquoi
dans l'automne, les fleurs sont-
elles remplacées par les fruits ?
Pourquoi les vicissitudes du jour
et de la nuit, des la lumière et des
ténèbres ?

c'est par ces interminables questions que
l'âme de l'enfant s'efforce de connaître
la raison des choses, et elle ne s'arrête
dans ses recherches que lorsqu'elle est
arrivée à la cause au-delà de laquelle
il n'y a plus rien.

Voilà comment ces petits êtres vont
au Père céleste par une naturelle et comme
invincible impulsion ; de sorte que, remplacer
en eux la foi par le doute, l'adoration
par le blasphème, la prière de louanges
par les négations dédaigneuses, c'est un
crime contre nature, digne de toute exécration.

(extrait du discours intitulé : la victoire
de Dieu - prononcé à Lyon le 14 novembre 1882
+ adolphe Louis albert Perraud,
évêque d'Autun

. . . . . .

Et puis, dans bien longtemps, quand ton heure bercière
refroidira ton cœur et clora ta paupière,
si tu veux être élu pour les jours réservés,
si tu veux, gravissant les routes éternelles,
pousser ton aile ardente à des splendeurs nouvelles,
si tu veux suivre encor tous tes désirs rêvés,
si tu veux, dans son sein que Dieu te fasse grâce,
lorsque, te demandant, tout bas, le mot de passe,
l'ange blanc de la mort se penchera vers toi,
réponds lui; sans trembler: — amour, travail et foi!

Marie de Lesseps

Ici-bas

Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent,
Tous les chants des oiseaux sont courts,
Je rêve aux étés qui demeurent
Toujours...

Ici-bas les lèvres effleurent
Sans rien laisser de leur velours,
Je rêve aux baisers qui demeurent
Toujours...

Ici-bas tous les hommes pleurent
Leurs amitiés ou leurs amours,
Je rêve aux couples qui demeurent
Toujours...

Sully Prudhomme

« Prenez cet enfant, élevez-le pour moi
vous recevrez votre récompense »
Epode CII v 9

« La fille de Pharaon avait porté ses pas
sur les bords du Nil; elle était suivie
des jeunes Egyptiennes qui formaient sa cour.
Tout à coup, du milieu des roseaux,
s'échappe un cris plaintif. Elle s'approche
et aperçoit, dans une corbeille d'osier,
un enfant d'une rare beauté. A cette vue,
son cœur s'émeut; elle fait appeler une
femme étrangère qui se tenait à l'écart,
et, sans se douter que c'était la véritable
mère, elle lui dit: Prenez cet enfant, élevez-
le pour moi; vous recevrez votre récompense.
« Ravissante image de la Charité, qui,
elle aussi, est fille de roi, mais d'une race

Mariani
Roma
1890

divine, et qui parcourt incessamment
la terre pour consoler et pour bénir.

M. Bourgeois

Paris 11 Novembre 1892.

Parmi les Chefs d'oeuvre de la Création, il en est un entre tous qui charme délicieusement mes yeux et trouble mon âme.

C'est le adorable Bébé, mélange de Lait et de Rose on serait tombé une goutte de Ciel

" Bébé aux naïves gentillesses aux regards remplis de profondeurs inconscientes, quand je vous vois, j'appelle mes finesses. je voudrais qu'ils viennent d'eux mêmes se mettre sous mes doigts. si grand est mon

Désir d'manger de vos mains quelques-
uns de vos délicats colorations - sans
rivales. et de surprendre un de ces
gestes uniques qui font de vous
la merveille des
merveilles.

Paris 1 janvier 1893

Louis Anquetin

Abbaye de Gif
S. & O.
4 9bre 92

La joie suprême de la vie, plus
douce que le travail, plus certaine que
la gloire, ce sont les enfants ; mère
et grand mère, la maternité a été
pour moi bonheur et récompense.

Juliette Adam

Les enfants sont de petits hommes et de petites femmes, avec tous les vices des grandes sans leurs vertus. Mais ils ont l'innocence de leurs vices, qui désarme, et ils ont le charme qui plus que la vertu fait aimer.

Marie Anne de Bovet

Décembre 92

Une œuvre d'art est un coin de la nature vu à travers un tempérament.

Émile Zola

Mag a cinq ans, et son frère en a trois. On leur a donné un gros baba et un petit gâteau sec. Mag prend le baba et dit à son frère, d'un air de charité angélique :

— Tiens ! mange le joli petit ! Moi, je mangerai le vilain gros.

Jules Renard

Aux nouveau-nés

– 1886 –

Enfants d'une race, ô nouveau-nés,
Petites bouches, petits nez,
Petites lèvres entr'ouvertes
Mêlant leurs tremblements
Tout frais, tout clairs,
Tout roses,
Enfants d'une race, ô nouveau-nés,
Au printemps d'où vous venez
Un mince fil d'or vous rattache,
Ici ce fil d'or
Tient encore
Sans tache.
Et...

Alphonse Daudet

Chantez ! la nuit sera brève.
Le vieil homme tout noir en silence a passé.
Et voilà, sur les ailes du rêve,
Que l'enfant dans l'azur est bercé.
Chantez ! la nuit sera brève. »

(Berceuse de Parleglaive)

Jacques Richepin

7, Rue Monsieur

Sur une Madone de Botticelli

(Musée Poldi. Milan)

Pâle et blonde, et tenant entre ses belles mains
Son fils Jésus qui doit mourir pour les humains.
Marie incline un front tout chargé de pensées.
Sous le ciel d'or de leurs paupières abaissées
Ses yeux avec douleur regardent l'Enfant Dieu.
Car la divine a vu pour en faire son jeu
Les [illegible] promis à son fatal calvaire.
Des épines, des clous, et la tremblante mère
Tandis que ces jouets font rire le Sauveur
Sent leurs pointes déjà s'enfoncer dans son cœur.

Paul Bourget

Sur cette terre, où l'inégalité des conditions
est la règle immuable, la bonté est la
seule excuse du bonheur.

Georges Bizet

L'homme qui bâtit son bonheur est pareil à ces enfants qui élèvent des châteaux de cartes. A chaque instant l'édifice s'écroule avant d'être achevé. Si par hasard ou par adresse le château est fini l'enfant s'étonne d'admirer son œuvre ; mais presqu'aussitôt il s'ennuie à détruire le château

Henri Lavedan

Le bonheur est la santé de l'âme, mais l'âme est trop souvent malade

L. de Vesme

Quand je rencontre une troupe d'écoliers en promenade, j'éprouve une impression mystérieuse comme si l'avenir surgissait brusquement devant moi. Peut-être parmi ces enfants y a-t-il le général qui conduira l'armée française à Berlin.

Henry Houssaye

.....

Bob — J'veux pas aller voir les machines !... C'est pas amusant... et ça fait un bruit !.....

L'Abbé — Habituez-vous donc à faire sentir les liaisons en parlant !... On ne dit pas : « Ça fait un bruit », comme si « un » s'écrivait par un « H »... on fait sentir le « T » qui précède, et on dit : « Cela fait T'un bruit... » Comprenez vous ?.....

Bob — oui !.. alors, à vot' idée, M'dieu l'abbé, faut-y dire : « Sept et trois font onze », ou

fout « T'ouze »?.....
L'Abbé — Il faut dire
sept et trois font « T'ouze »,
sans hésiter.....
Bob — (riant) Vraiment?...
Bien, moi, j'crois qu'y
faut dire « Sept et trois
font dix »!.....
L'Abbé — .....

In the Name of The King!

Every day of every year is the New World discovered,
By one, by two, by many, who gain a wondrous land.
At first they cry; then laugh; then creep; and then, oh, rapture! stand.
Adventurous, with outstretched arm, they straightway take command,
While subjects fall kneel, worshiping, with bowed heads and uncovered.

November 19. 1892

Mary Mapes Dodge

Not what a man achieves furnishes the correct moral standard to judge him by, but what he is striving for and the way in which he does it.

H. Von Holst.

Rome 2 via Gorito. Nov. 7th 1892

Miss M. S. Hill

President of the "Friday Club" Chicago

I offer you as a personal contribution to the "Children's Home" scheme, a "dash of the Bonsh" a tiny sketch of the coast by Antium, which I made, I believe, in 1872. And remain

Yours

J. of. Adolfo Lamiaq

Hypocrisy fears the keen eyes
of childhood; more than the
expectant gaze of youth
or the retrospective vision of age

Maud Howe Elliott

"A Child of our Grandmother
Eve. A female - or for
Shy more Sweet understanding
a woman."

Ada Rehan

"Children in Paradise.

Praise to Thee, O God our Father
From the mouths of babes shall flow,
Who in gracious fields of Heaven
As the spotless Lambkins grow.

By the Spirit's voice are guided
Hath the tree of Life them fed;
Gabriel the angle Shepherd,
Doth the flock forever lead."

Translated from St Ephraim by the Rev. D Washburn.